Then cruſh this hearbe into *Lyſanders* eie,
Whoſe liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-bals rolle with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeeme a dreame, and fruitleſſe viſion,
And backe to *Athens* ſhall the Louers wend
With league, whoſe date till death ſhall neuer end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee apply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian* boy;
And then I will her charmed eie releaſe
From monſters view, and all things ſhall be peace.

*Puck.* My Fairie Lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For night ſwift Dragons cut the Clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Auroras* harbinger;
At whoſe approch, Ghoſts wandring heere and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſſe waies and flouds haue buriall,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For feare leaſt day ſhould looke their ſhames vpon,
They wilfully themſelues exile from light,
And muſt for aie conſort with blacke browd night.

*Ob.* But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made ſport,
And like a Forreſter, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Eaſterne gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire bleſſed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his ſalt greene ſtreames.
But notwithſtanding haſte, make no delay,
We may effect this buſineſſe, yet ere day.

*Puck.* Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them vp & downe: I am ſeard in field and towne. *Goblin*, lead them vp and downe: here comes one. *Enter Lyſander.*

*Lyſ.* Where art thou, proud *Demetrius?* Speak thou now.

*Rob.* Here villaine, drawne and ready. Where art thou?

*Lyſ.*



*Lyſ.* I will be with thee ſtraight.

*Rob.* Follow me then to plainer ground.

*Enter Demetrius.*

*Deme.* *Lyſander*, ſpeake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in ſome buſh. Where doſt thou hide thy head?

*Rob.* Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for warres,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That drawes a ſword on thee.

*Deme.* Yea, art thou there?

*Ro.* Follow my voice, wee'l try no manhood here. *Exeunt.*

*Lyſ.* He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on,
When I come where he calles, then hee's gone.
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I;
I followed faſt, but faſter he did flie;
That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,
And here will reſt me. Come thou gentle day:
For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this ſpight.

*Robin and Demetrius.*

*Rob.* Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'ſt thou not?

*Deme.* Abide me, if thou dar'ſt. For well I wot,
Thou runſt before me, ſhifting euery place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou?

*Rob.* Come hither, I am here.

*De.* Nay then thou mockſt me; thou ſhalt buy this deare,
If euer I thy face by day-light ſee.
Now goe thy way: faintneſſe conſtraineth me,
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies approch looke to be viſited.

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* O weary night, ô long and tedious night,